POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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By Roger Hog Esqr

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

GRAY.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

LEGENDARY TALES, &c.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

IN yonder glaſſy lake, round which ariſe
Thoſe lofty hills whoſe ſummits pierce the ſkies,
A ſilent, ſolitary iſle is plac'd,
Which once, 'tis ſaid, a noble convent grac'd;
'Tis now with copſewood and with ſhrubs o'ergrown,
But all around are maſſy columns ſtrewn,
By which th' attentive traveller ſtill may trace
The former grandeur of the ſacred place!
Then, too, a Thane's ſtrong caſtle frowning ſtood
High on the rocky margin of the flood;

But Time, that lev'ller, ever ſtill employ'd,
Its lofty turrets has at length deſtroy'd.
One lovely child the worthy Thane poſſeſs'd,
With every grace and every beauty bleſs'd,
Of her, grey-headed peaſants ſtill relate,
With heartfelt tears, the ſtrange eventful fate:
Ere eighteen years fair Edith yet had ſeen,
Ere love an inmate in her breaſt had been,
She went, attended by her ſire the while,
To grace a feſtival at Rona's iſle:
Ere they arriv'd, the anthem's ſwelling ſound
Echo'd ſublime through all the roofs around;
Whilſt every object that fair Edith ſaw,
Rais'd admiration, mix'd with ſacred awe!
At length a monk, whoſe voice, full ton'd and clear,
Attracted to his words the liſt'ning ear,

Whilſt graceful action, and whilſt youth combin'd,
T' enforce his doctrine to the hearer's mind,
Gain'd all th' attention of the lovely maid,
With fervour feeling all the preacher ſaid.—
When by the youthful piety is taught,
It brings conviction, ſo fair Edith thought:
For ne'er, alas! had aught to her addreſs'd,
So forcibly her guileleſs mind impreſs'd!—
But did Religion only fill her heart?
Ah, no! ill-fated love too had a part,
And all the fervour which in it then glow'd,
This, though ſhe knew it not, alas! beſtow'd.—
The holy Hubert, honour'd was his name,
Felt for the maid a ſympathetic flame;
'Twas this alone his kindling fancy fir'd;
'Twas this alone his thoughts and words inſpir'd.—

Religion never, never can remove,
From youthful breaſts, the ſtronger force of love:
The grey-hair'd vet'ran may the world reſign,
When joy, and hope, and ſtrength at laſt decline;
But youth, though much of penance oft it tries,
Will long contend, if ever it complies.—
Fair Edith's health declin'd; her tuneful voice,
That well known pleaſing ſignal to rejoice,
Was heard no more! but, ev'ry where around,
Silence, and gloom, and ſorrow reign'd profound!
No longer, at her father's table plac'd,
His ſplendid board her lovely preſence grac'd;
But in her chamber, all the livelong day,
She ſat alone—to ſilent grief a prey.
At length the Thane, call'd by his king t' oppoſe
Th' unjuſt invaſion of his Daniſh foes,

Left his fair daughter, at a luckleſs hour,
Alone, unguarded, to love's fatal power.—
Free from controul, reſiſtance then was vain ;
Prudence no more her paſſion can reſtrain :
At midnight often, in a monk's attire,
Guided alone by love's deluding fire,
She left the caſtle by a ſecret way,
Avoiding now the ſun's detecting ray,
And met her Hubert in a diſtant cave,
Where no protecting angel came to ſave.
Some months thus paſt, and quickly too they paſt ;
But guilty pleaſures cannot always laſt ;
The fatal ſecret, they would fain conceal,
Her alter'd ſhape now threaten'd to reveal.
The gallant Thane, to his once happy home,
With laurels crown'd, was ſoon about to come :

The ſhame and puniſhment which ſacred law
On broken vows inflicts, the monk foreſaw;
And thus reſolv'd, ere yet it was too late,
To ſtop the progreſs of his dreaded fate:—
In a ſmall bark, as always he was wont,
He row'd at midnight to his well-known haunt;
Where Edith met him, now bedew'd with tears,
A prey to penitence and anxious fears:
The moon upon the liquid lake ſhone bright,
Shedding on all around a ſilvery light;
T' enjoy the lovely ſcene, at his requeſt,
She came on board, though fear her mind oppreſs'd:
Then off he put, diſcourſing all the while,
Far from the caſtle and the ſacred iſle!
In Hubert's company, the unhappy fair
Yielded no more to anguiſh and deſpair;

And ceas'd a while, ſince now they were too late,
Her vain regrets for her once happy ſtate.
She tried his mind by gentle arts to calm,
T' inſtil Hope's ſweet and ſalutary balm;
Vowing, that every torture ſhe would bear,
Ere aught to injure Hubert ſhe'd declare;
When on a ſudden, as ſhe lay reclin'd
On Hubert's breaſt, her arms around him twin'd,
He roughly ſeiz'd the unſuſpecting maid,
And deaf to her, whom love for him betray'd,
To fear and ſelfiſhneſs alone awake,
Plung'd her, remorſeleſs, in the gloomy lake.—
When morn return'd, the lady's corſe was found,
And ſecretly committed to the ground.
The abandon'd Hubert thought himſelf ſecure,
Though much from conſcience he was forc'd t' endure:

But when again the ſun's revolving ray
Brought back the ſacred and unlucky day,
The lady's form, in dripping garments clad,
With livid countenance, all pale and ſad,
As newly taken from the wat'ry flood,
Cloſe by the altar in the chapel ſtood,
And dropp'd a ſcroll within the ſacred pale,
In it relating all the dreadful tale.
The monk was ſeiz'd, and when with torture preſs'd,
The horrid crime, for which he died, confeſs'd.—
Along the lake, near to her former home,
The lady's ſpirit ſtill is ſaid to roam;—
For oft at midnight dreadful ſhrieks are heard,
And ſtrange myſterious lights have oft appear'd,
Which terrors to the peaſantry impart,
And might appal the moſt undaunted heart.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND,

ON A MELANCHOLY OCCASION.

IF, my dear friend, you ſtill may hope to ſave
Thy much-lov'd Henry from th' untimely grave,
Oh! ere too late, to warmer climes repair,
And leave a while this chilling northern air:
But if, alas! ſuch ſymptoms ſhall appear
As tell too plain that death approaches near,
Then fondly try, by every ſoothing art,
To calm the ſorrows of the victim's heart.
For ſay, though Providence indeed is kind,
And oft to ſickneſs ſuits the pliant mind,

Can youth life's gay and glittering ſcene reſign,
Nor once look back, and, leaving it, repine?
No, no! too plain the ſpeaking eye reveals
The keen regret the dying ſufferer feels.—
Wait not for death in home's endearing ſhade,
Where oft ere now in happineſs he ſtray'd;
For change of ſcene will raiſe the languid eye,
And ſtill a while life's quivering flame ſupply;
Diſtreſs him not by efforts to amuſe,—
All pleaſures now their wonted reliſh loſe;
Then take him not to where the gay reſort,
Where mirth and pleaſure hold their feſtive court,
For he no more will join the giddy throng
In dance, in laughter, revelry, or ſong:
And, ah! though muſic ſoothes the mind, beware,
Heedleſs to ſound the well-known plaintive air,

For that with magic power will quickly raiſe
Full many a ſcene of far, far happier days!
How now, devoted, muſt young Henry mourn
Thoſe days now paſt, and never to return!
But far remov'd from healthful folly's noiſe,
If oft to him you read, with ſoothing voice,
The pleaſing poem, or eventful tale,
Though little now will all our cares avail,
Truſt one experienc'd, that ne'er fails a while
The ling'ring hours of ſickneſs to beguile:
When morn returns, when ſleep ſhall ceaſe to ſhed
Its kind oblivion o'er the ſufferer's head;
When fancy's gay illuſive ſcenes are o'er,
And dreams of pleaſure charm the mind no more,
Then by his couch, ~~by~~ *be* kindly watching near,
From his moiſt eye to chace the riſing tear,

And with his head inclin'd upon thy breaſt,
T' inſpire with hope, and lull his cares to reſt;
But ne'er, unfeeling, tell him to endure
His pangs with calmneſs, when no art can cure.
Muſt youth life's pleaſures, yet untried, reſign;
And can cold reaſon chide if it repine?
When the low temple, and the hollow eye,
Thoſe fatal ſymptoms you at length deſcry;
Let not your fond, your overflowing heart,
By tears the dread intelligence impart;
Let Nature firſt the diſmal truth diſcloſe,
And do not thou diſturb his ſhort repoſe;
But when at laſt he feels the dread decay,
Then by his couch in ſuppliant accents pray;
Then wean his ſoul from this its frail abode,
And bid him, ſinking, put his truſt in God!

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

A TALE.

I.

Sir Edmund now five years had ſtray'd
In queſt of Emma, hapleſs maid,
When, at the ev'ning's cloſe,
He rais'd his eyes, and look'd around,
In hopes ſome caſtle to have found,
For ſhelter and repoſe:

II.

But ſtill, alas! on ev'ry ſide,
A foreſt's gloom, extending wide,
Seem'd lengthening to his view;

And now the rain deſcended faſt,
And cold and chilling was the blaſt
Which through the foreſt blew.—

III.

Oh, Heaven! (the knight in anguiſh cried),
Reſtore, ere long, my lovely bride
Once more to my fond arms!
Or cloſe at once this ſcene of ſtrife,
And take from me this wretched life,
For life no longer charms.

IV.

But now to cheer the gloom of night,
A pale and faintly glimmering light
Amongſt the trees he ſpies;
'Twas like thoſe lights which oft betray

The peaſant on his loneſome way,
As to his home he hies.

V.

And ſoon, embower'd in tufted trees,
A caſtle's ruin'd walls he ſees,
To that he turns his ſteed;
The place, ere while, I wote, had been
Of many a ſad event the ſcene,
And many a cruel deed:

VI.

'Twas dark and ſilent all around;
He ſaw no light, he heard no ſound,
Save when the ſcreech-owl ſcream'd,
As round the ivy-mantled tower,
Her undiſturb'd and peaceful bower,
The quivering meteor gleam'd.

VII.

Sir Edmund then approach'd the gate,
Nor did he long admittance wait,
For, lo! a hand unſeen
Straight drew the ruſted bolts aſide,
And op'd the heavy portals wide,
As if they light had been.

VIII.

He paſs'd the court, with graſs o'ergrown,
With ruin'd battlements beſtrewn,
And reach'd the ſpacious hall;
But though he call'd both loud and clear,
No voice but Echo's met his ear,
Or anſwer'd to his call.

IX.

He tried in ſleep to find relief,
But ſleep, alas! the cure of grief,

From wretchedneſs does fly ;
Whilſt happineſs does ever find
Sleep, though uncourted, always kind,
And willing to comply.

X.

Wakeful, to hopeleſs love a prey,
As cold and comfortleſs he lay,
Stretch'd on the marble floor,
Again, before his dazzled eyes,
He ſees the friendly meteor riſe
More radiant than before.

XI.

Reſolv'd to go where'er it led,
His ſword, which oft life's blood had ſhed,
Sir Edmund quickly drew ;
Then through an arch the moving light

Conducted ſtraight the valiant knight,
By its clear flame ſo blue.

XII.

Through rooms long ſince by time laid waſte,
And gloomy halls, he paſs'd in haſte;
Deſpair had made him bold;
While onward ſtill the light advanc'd,
And up and down the chambers danc'd,
Some myſtery to unfold.

XIII.

At length the meteor gleam'd more bright,
And threw around a blaze of light,
By which the knight deſcried,
At eaſe upon a couch reclin'd,
The ſight, I wean, nigh ſtruck him blind,
His lovely, long loſt bride.

XIV.

Deep ſleep o'erpower'd the beauteous maid,
Who, ſtill in bridal robes array'd,
Was blooming, freſh, and fair;
He kiſs'd, he claſp'd her in his arms,
Admiring all her various charms,
More than a mortal's ſhare!

XV.

But motionleſs ſhe ſtill remain'd,
And ſleep its influence ſtill maintain'd
O'er her now ſenſeleſs form,
Regardleſs of the knight's embrace,
Amidſt the terrors of the place,
And fury of the ſtorm.

XVI.

Awake, my love! awake (he cried),
'Tis Edmund calls his blooming bride

Conducted ſtraight the valiant knight,
By its clear flame ſo blue.

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And fury of the ſtorm.

XVI.

Awake, my love! awake (he cried),
'Tis Edmund calls his blooming bride

To rapture and to love;
All anxious cares and doubts are o'er,
United now, we'll part no more,
But endleſs pleaſures prove.

XVII.

The pealing thunder's awful ſound
Then echo'd dreadful all around,
The dead it might have rais'd,
When ſlowly, to the knight's ſurpriſe,
The maid unclos'd her heavy eyes,
And ſtedfaſtly ſhe gaz'd.

XVIII.

Her form upon his breaſt reclin'd,
Her arms around his waiſt entwin'd,
His lips ſhe gently preſs'd;
But cold and heavy ſoon ſhe grew,

And noiſome damps around her flew ;
A corpſe the knight careſs'd.

XIX.

A chilling horror ſeiz'd his heart,
And fain, full fain, he'd thence depart,
But death now held him faſt ;
The yawning floor, then op'ning wide,
Receiv'd the bridegroom and his bride ;—
Sir Edmund's cares are paſt.

CONSOLATORY VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

SINCE grief's firſt tort'ring pangs are o'er,
And, ah! advice is vain before;
Let tears no more obſcure your eyes,
Nor ev'ry comfort thus deſpiſe,
But patiently thoſe ills endure,
Which now, alas! you cannot cure.
Fair Nature's ſcenes, her varied grace,
In each mark'd feature fondly trace;
On yonder hill, at eve, inhale
The gentle weſt-wind's healthful gale;

Whilſt ſweetly, in the neighbouring grove,
The blackbird ſings his ſong of love;
Or from the church, embower'd in trees,
The merry peals ſhall ſwell the breeze;
Thence pleas'd you'll ſee, on ev'ry ſide,
Green ſmiling meadows, ſtretching wide;
Whilſt ev'ry rural village charm,
The cot, and cultivated farm,
With woods and rivers intervene,
And diſtant mountains cloſe the ſcene.
Enjoy whate'er the ſeaſons bring,
From each peculiar pleaſures ſpring:
In Summer, when the genial ſhow'r
Has rais'd each drooping ſhrub and flow'r,
Then, ſhelter'd from the ſultry ray,
Through woods and thickets careleſs ſtray;

In Autumn, when the fertile plain
Shall wave with golden ſeas of grain,
Then hearken to the reaper's ſong,
Which floats the peaceful vales along;
And, when the chilling wint'ry blaſt
Shuts ev'ry door and caſement faſt,
Select companions round thy fire,
Will mirth and ſocial joys inſpire;
Oft let ſweet Muſic's magic charm
Allay thy ſorrow's rude alarm,
Whether in grove or dome it floats,
With penſive, ſoft, and ſoothing notes,
Or in quicker, livelier meaſure,
It wakes the ſoul to ſport and pleaſure;
Oft let thy fancy take its flight
To airy regions of delight,

To diſtant ſcenes and diſtant times,
To heroes and heroic times;
Whether the Epic Poet's lays
In thee ſublime emotions raiſe,
Or old Anacreon's ſportive lyre
With cheerfulneſs thy ſoul inſpire:
Thus may each care and ſorrow ceaſe,
And thou regain thy long loſt peace.

BALLAD,

EDWARD AND ELLEN.

I.

WHEN civil war, in former times,
Diſtreſs'd th' unhappy land,
'Twas when the white roſe and the red
Call'd forth each martial band,

II.

Young Edward fought fair Ellen's love,
Nor fought he long in vain;
For why? no maid could cruel prove,
When woo'd by ſuch a ſwain.

III.

Though twenty ſummers had not paſt,
O'er gallant Edward's head,
Yet he in good King Harry's cauſe
His precious blood had ſhed.

IV.

And now he muſt to battle go,
And leave his love behind;
Poor Ellen wept, and try'd to hold,
And call'd the youth unkind.

V.

But all, alas! would not avail;
For though he lov'd her true,
Yet Edward was a noble youth,
And lov'd his honour too.

VI.

He left the maid with many a ſigh,
And many a heartfelt tear;
Though ſtill he try'd, with gladſome words,
Her drooping ſoul to cheer.

VII.

Oh, cruel houſe of Lancaſter!
Oh, cruel houſe of York!
Alas, alas, what wretchedneſs
Did your ambition work!—

VIII.

Her lover gone! poor Ellen's heart
In truth was like to break;
She ſat alone, ſhe ſigh'd and wept;
She would no comfort take.

IX.

Ellen, my love, my deareſt child,
(Her mother ſtill would ſay),
Why weep'ſt thou thus? why ſitt'ſt thou ſad?
Why ſilent all the day?

X.

Oh! mother, mother, ſure am I
My love's in battle ſlain;
Alas! his comely form no more
Will bleſs theſe eyes again.

XI.

In dead of night, I heard a bell,
With dull and ſolemn ſound,
It was, I fear, a funeral knell,
It echo'd all around:—

XII.

Oh! daughter, daughter, think not ſo,
But join the cheerful throng;
Truſt me, your lover ſtill is ſafe,
And will return ere long:—

XIII.

He never will return to me,
I ne'er ſhall ſee the day;
Oh, why muſt love the ſtern commands
Of honour thus obey?

XIV.

Oh, cruel houſe of Lancaſter!
Oh, cruel houſe of York!
Alas, alas! what wretchedneſs
Did your ambition work!—

XV.

At length adown yon heath-clad hill
The gallant warriors come,
But not as he went forth I wean,
Did each now seek his home.

XVI.

And now the warriors all are past,
And Edward is not there,
Fair Ellen cried, and beat her breast,
And tore her golden hair:

XVII.

Oh! mother, mother, 'tis too true,
My love's in battle slain,
For all the youth are now past by
That left the fatal plain.

XVIII.

Is this the promis'd bridal day?
  Is this the welcome home?
When Edward, crown'd with roſes red,
  In triumph was to come?

XIX.

To that ſad ſpot I now will hie,
  Where, pierc'd with wounds, he fell;
There will I build my love a bower,
  Where we'll for ever dwell!—

XX.

Perhaps, my child, the gallant youth,
  To numbers forc'd to yield,
Is taken by the cruel hoſt,
  And fell not on the field:

XXI.

He will, my love, return to thee,
And bleſs thy longing arms!
Then truſt in God, and ſay your pray'rs,
And ceaſe theſe vain alarms:

XXII.

But, ah! what mournful train appears;
Come, daughter, hence, away;—
Fair Ellen ran and met her love,
As on the bier he lay:

XXIII.

She ſcream'd aloud; ſhe beat her breaſt;
She tore her golden hair;
Then to the wood in haſte ſhe ran
In phrenzy and deſpair;—

XXIV.

Now up the hill, now down the dale,
Now to the cold brook's ſide,
She wander'd far, and many a mile,
A poor young widow'd bride :—

XXV.

Near to her mother's caſtle gate
The floods come rapid down,
And there the lovely Ellen's corpſe
Is by the waters thrown.

XXVI.

One grave does now in yon church-yard
This faithful pair contain—
Chriſt grant that they in peace may there
Till judgment's-day remain !

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SONNET,

TO A LADY PLAYING ON THE HARP.

I.

WHILE fair Louiſa, I admiring,
Thus liſten with attentive ear,
To thoſe ſweet ſounds, my love inſpiring,
'Tis then the bliſs of life to hear:

II.

But when I ſee thy ſoft form bending,
All graceful, o'er the trembling ſtrings,
To that, alas! alone attending,
From ſight, I feel, more pleaſure ſprings!

III.

Again, the force of both combining,
My heated, wav'ring, fancy warms,
And to the touch, then moſt inclining,
I long to claſp thee in my arms!

EDWARD THE MARTYR.

I.

FRAGRANT was the breath of morning,
Spangled was the turf with dew,
Whilſt the ſun, the hills adorning,
Roſe reſplendent to the view ;—

II.

Royal Edward, from his palace,
Mounted on his courſer fleet,
Early with his train forth ſallies,
While the bugle ſounded ſweet :

III.

Then to chace the ſtag, rejoicing,
To the woods they bend their way,
Where the noble ſport, enticing,
Kept them till the cloſe of day:

IV.

But ere yet the chace was ended,
Faint and weary Edward grew,
And in ſecret, unattended,
To Corfe caſtle thence withdrew:

V.

There the queen with joy receiv'd him,
When ſhe ſaw him thus alone;
She, alas! had long deceiv'd him,
She to him was ſtill unknown:

VI.

To a cordial draught ſhe preſs'd him,
With a falſe and treach'rous ſmile,
And with gentle words addreſs'd him,
Like the ſerpent, to beguile.

VII.

As he drank, no fear poſſeſſing
Of his cruel ſtepdame's hate,
Hir'd by her, a vile aſſaſſin
Stabb'd him at the caſtle gate.

VIII.

Then the king, not yet expiring,
From the caſtle fled with ſpeed,
But, alas! his courſer tiring,
Fail'd him in the hour of need:

IX.

Soon, too ſoon, he was o'ertaken,
Fainting now with loſs of blood,
And by friends and all forſaken,
Murder'd in the neighb'ring wood.

X.

Edward! ſtill, in plaintive ditty,
Thy unhappy fate is ſung,
Which in youth, with tender pity,
Oft my guileleſs heart has wrung.

THE END.

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